A

PARODY

ON THE

Carmen Seculare of *Horace*,

LATELY SUNG BEFORE THE CELEBRATED

Doctor SAMUEL JOHNSON,

And his attendant *Literati*,

AT

FREE-MASONS HALL, IN GREAT QUEEN-STREET.

" In vain you *Roman* Muſes ſtrive
" In Verſe *Horatian* to keep G—— alive;
" Your mould'ring Monuments in vain you raiſe
" On the weak Baſis of a *T----t*'s Praiſe."

Parody of *Prior*'s Imitation of Horace's Ode.
Book III. Ode ii. Stanza 7.

LONDON,
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TO

SAMUEL JOHNSON, Esq. LL.D. &c. &c.

SIR,

THE Applause which you, at the Head of your attendant *Literati*, have been lately pleased to give, at this *holy Season* *, to the celebrated *Carmen Seculare* of a favourite Roman Poet, induces me to intreat the Honour of your Name in Protection of its *Parody*; perhaps, its *Travesty*; for so our *Monthly Critics*, for the Sake of being *witty*, may rather choose to call it. The fine Original, set to Music in a Taste not unworthy of it, may well claim a Preference, with *Classics*, to a *Sacred Oratorio*. You, Sir, who are no Stranger to that Period of *Roman Happiness* in which our Poet wrote, will easily discern, with me, a strong Resemblance between the Reign of that *pious* Prince *Augustus Cæsar*, and his *present Likeness* †;—a Prince, who, in the Opinions of his Poet-Laureate *Horace*, and his Prime-Minister *Mecænas*, had every Virtue under Heaven. As to *Cicero*'s Notions of his amiable Principles and sound Policy, I dare not insult you with the Mention of them. *Cicero* was the mistaken *Chatham*, not the discerning *Mansfield*, of his Day. He had not the Honour of being numbered among the *Friends* of the mild, the *disinterested*, the benevolent, the *patriotic*, and humane *Augustus*. In a Word, that great Orator, and still greater Statesman, was a *Whig*. The courtly, ministerial *Horace*, no Doubt, detested *Cicero*'s unseasonable Affectation of a *patriotic* Character; and, to pleasure his *Mecænas*, might probably have shown his Contempt for it in some such *unanswerable* Publications as *your own* ‡. If that fine Writer ever, *pensioned* like yourself, excelled at once

* *Lent.*

† See this striking Pourtrait inimitably drawn by the masterly Hand of *Cicero* himself, in his Letter to *Octavius*. Let us admire some of his bold Outlines :—" Quæ non posterior dies acerbior priore?—Extitisti *Tu* vindex nostræ *libertatis*—utinam neque nostra nos opinio, neque *tua fides* fefellisset. —Quæ tibi non ante quam postulares, *plura quam sperares*, detulit *Senatus?*—Cur *hostis relinquitur*, *Civis hostis loco ponitur?*—*Senatus* timet multa, *assentitur* omnia—*Dignitate domini* minus turpis est fortuna *servi?*—Tu *cruore et flamma cuncta delere vis.*"—Are not these the Outlines of a *Raphael?* —Should such a *Cartoon* as this be *cut* by any tyrannical *Procrustes* to fit a Pannel? —No!—*Cicero*'s entire Letter should be hung up in the Council-Chamber and *Cabinet* of—— every *Tyrant*.

‡ See Doctor Johnson's *Patriot*, and his *Taxation no Tyranny*—both most *whiggishly* burnt with his Effigy in its *scarlet Hood* at *Salem* and other Places in *New England*.

once both in *Politics* and *Poetry* *, how ought we to lament the Loſs of ſuch a Tract! Yet, had it now been extant, the *Auguſtan* muſt have ſubmitted, under the Cenſure of our *Butean Reviewers*, to the *Georgian* Claſſic. At the Feet of thoſe tremendous *monthly Cenſors* the Author humbly lays the preſent Trifle. His Attempt is not a *ſervile* one; for he alike diſdains *poetical* and *miniſterial* Trammels. He has even the Aſſurance not to tremble for the Succeſs of his Production. He has, at Pleaſure, therefore, departed from the Text of his *Original*, tho' he never wilfully loſes Sight of *Truth*. If his frequent Uſe of *Italics* † ſhould ſtill give Offence to any *Caledonian* Critic, he humbly claims the Liberty of uſing what *Types* he pleaſes, as the only Licence which *the leaſt* of all *minor Poets* can preſume to take. He fears there may be many *whiggiſh*, tho' (as he hopes) no *grammatical* Improprieties in this little Compoſition. Should there be in this, as in moſt of his former *Follies*, any Lines not reliſhed by Readers of *Butean* Principles, he leaves them, moſt *paſſively*, to the *Reviewers*, to be corrected, expunged, or *abuſed*, as they pleaſe. Due Allowance will, nevertheleſs, be made by all candid Readers for the Difference between the *Roman* and *Engliſh* Virtues, Times, and Manners; eſpecially when it is conſidered, that we do not live under the *wiſe*, *pious*, and *polite* Tyranny of an *Auguſtan* Age. To this Aſſertion the Author flatters himſelf that even his learned Patron *Doctor Johnſon* muſt agree. To that celebrated Author of that *notorious* Pamphlet (among others) entitled *Taxation no Tyranny*, this little Piece is moſt humbly dedicated with all that *Proſtration* and Adoration which are due to a *Prime-Miniſterial*, from an inſignificant, but *unpenſioned*

SCRIBBLER.

P. S. My Friend *Doctor Johnſon* well knows, that the *Carmen Seculare* of *Horace*, lately tranſlated by Mr. *Taſker*, has fired my humble Muſe with awful Emulation.

* Dr. *Johnſon*, both as a *Poet*, a *Novel*-Writer, and a *weekly* Writer, has *formerly* been outrageouſly ſevere againſt national and *miniſterial* Corruption.— He may now, however, exclaim with his Friend *Horace*,---" Non *ſum* qualis *eram*."

† The *Critical* Reviewers have expreſſed themſelves with *Bentleian* Indignation againſt this whimſical Writer's innocent *Italics*. They wittily and *civilly* compare them to the clumſy Expedient of a *bad Painter*, who is obliged to underwrite each Figure, that the *Man* may be diſtinguiſhed from the *Lion*. If our Author is really ſo *bad a Painter*, it is the Duty of theſe critical *Arguſes* to *expoſe* him. Let them point out his Faults with all the united Severity of their Wit, and he will thank them. This they have *not* done.---Let me tell theſe *peeviſh* Gentlemen a ſhort Story:---The late Mr. ———, who wrote a ſuperior Hand to any Clerk in the Houſe of Lords, was thus attacked by one of their impertinent Lordſhips---Why, Mr. ———, fie! fie!—Do you call this *Writing?*---Why 'tis written with a *Skewer!*---" *Mend it*, *mend it*, my Lord, ſays Mr. ———, and held his Pen out to the *criticizing* Peer. ——His Lordſhip ſneaked off, muttering *Diſlike*, tho' he neither dared to point out the *Writer*'s Fault, or to confeſs *his own*.

A

PARODY,

&c.

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI

CARMEN SECULARE.

I.

PHOEBE, ſylvarumque potens Diana,
Lucidum cœli decus, O colendi
Semper, et culti, date quæ precamur
Tempore ſacro *:

* Theſe Words might have afforded a good Opportunity to the *Parodiſt* to have obſerved upon the *Seaſon* (*Lent*) in which this Ode was ſung in the Hearing even of ſome *Saints*, for the Benefit (if the News-Papers ſaid true) of the moſt ——— ——— in the three Kingdoms, the celebrated Mrs. B--d-ly. If that Lady is now become a *Magdalen*, the *Parodiſt* begs leave to join her Name (as a Siſter *Actreſs*) to the learned *Doctor*'s in his Dedication.

PARODY.

I.

PHOEBUS, whoſe Ingots * Stateſmen truck
For *Votes*; Thou potent Moon †, that ſtruck
North's miniſterial Brain;
Parents of *Brib'ry*'s mad Devices!
Grant all we pray for in this *Criſis*,
This mild and *pious* Reign:

* Ingots of *Treaſury-Gold*, the Produce of that *warm* Deity the Sun, who, as Mr. Pope ſays,

"Ripens Genius as he ripens *Mines*."

† See the late learned Dr. *Mead*'s Treatiſe on the powerful Influence of this Planet.

In

II.

Quo Sybillini monuere verſus,
Virgines lectas pueroſque caſtos
Diis, quibus ſeptem placuere colles,
Dicere Carmen.

III.

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis et celas, aliuſque et idem
Naſceris, poſſis nihil urbe Roma
Viſere majus.

Ritè

II.

In which Scotch *Seers*, ſecond-ſighted ‡,
Foretold that Empire *diſunited*
Britannia's Scene wou'd cloſe;
Yet bade her Children Homage ſhew
To the dread *Thane* of *Luton-Hoo*,
That leads her by the Noſe.

III.

Bright Sun, whoſe vivifying Ray
Gives Limits to the chearful Day,
In Britain's Hemiſphere;
Tho' ſtill the ſame, yet ever new,
In all your Rounds where can you view
Such *paſſive Dupes* as *here?*

* That excellent *miniſterial* Writer for *Tyranny and Taxation*, the famous *Doctor Johnſon*, gives a curious Account of theſe *ſecond-ſighted Seers* in his *fanciful* Production called a *Journey to Scotland*; unleſs he is as much miſtaken in this Particular, as he is when he aſſures his Readers, that, in one Part of Scotland, there is but *one ſingle Tree* to be ſeen in a Tract of forty Miles.---If the *Doctor* had ſaid but one Tree *of a particular Species* (ſuch as his Friend ſhowed him), he had been right. —But *Travellers*, as well as *Politicians*, may l--.

IV.

Ritè maturos aperire partus
Lenis Ilithyia, tuere matres,
Sive tu Lucina probas vocari,
Seu Genitalis.

V.

Diva, producas ſobolem; Patrumque
Proſperes decreta ſuper *jugandis*
Fœminis, proliſque novæ feraci
Lege marita *.

* This very neceſſary and ſalutary Law, alluded to by *Horace*, in all Probability, contained ſome Clauſes in Diſcouragement of *Adultery*; which was the *Ton* of *that* Time, as it is now of *ours*. This we may be ſure of from the Figure that the celebrated *Clodius* made, in Imitation of his ſhining Example the great *Julius Cæſar* himſelf; who was, as Suetonius tells us, *Cubiculorum omnium Pellex*—*The Huſband of every Wife*.—As to *Auguſtus*'s Family, his Daughter, Grand-Daughter, and dear *Livia* (his Wife), were as arrant Strumpets as the Daughter of *our Thane*, or the late riggiſh Q---- of D-----k, who uſed to dreſs in *Men*'s *Cloaths* for the *Debauch*.

Certus

IV.

Gentle Lucina, whoſe neat Hand
Aids *Hunter*'s * Skill when at a Stand,
An happy Minute grant
To ev'ry Nymph of Quality,
Who friſks in D--by's *Coterie*,
With all they wiſh or *want*.

V.

Goddeſs, produce an *honeſt* Race;
Give *Coronets* and *Mitres* Grace,
To check *Adult'ry*'s Courſe †---
Wiſe Heads!---*chaſte* Love you firſt reſtrain ‡,
Thus giving *Lewdneſs* a free Rein,
Then ſhame her by *Divorce*.

* The celebrated *Man-midwife*.

† Since this Stanza was penned, the Biſhop of *Landaff* has moved the Houſe of Lords for Leave to bring in a Bill for the Diſcouragement of *Adultery*---Q. Whether Lord *Spindleſhanks*, or my Lord of *W-rce-t-r*, ſhould not have moved it?---No Doubt, however, but they will ſpeak in ſupport of it.

‡ The late Lord *Hardwicke* introduced the Bill againſt *Clandeſtine Marriages* into the Houſe of Lords. This *political Act* gave a vigorous Spring to *Cuckoldom* throughout England.

VI.

Certus undenos decies per annos
Orbis ut cantus referatque ludos,
Ter die claro totiesque grata
Nocte frequentes.

VII.

Vosque veraces cecinisse Parcæ
Quod semel dictum est, stabilisque rerum
Terminus servet, bona jam peractis
Jungite fata.

VIII.

Fertilis frugum pecorisque tellus
Spiceâ donet Cererem coronâ:

Nutriant

VI.

Septennial Liberty behold
To *dancing Punches* * cheaply ſold;
Her Voice for *Songs* they buy:
While *N--th* thus plays off *Walpole*'s Tricks
By Day and Night, O Goddeſs, fix
On his fat Head thine Eye!

VII.

And you, ye faithful Deſtinies,
Your well-conſulted, firm Decrees
With Good and Ill who tiſſue;
From *Debts*, which never can be paid,
From Schemes of State ſo vilely laid,
Give *Fools* an happy Iſſue.

VIII.

May Plenty, ſmiling o'er her Horn,
For Ceres twine full Wreaths of Corn;
May *Pow'r* ſpare *Cultivation*:

* At the *Shafteſbury Election*.---*Punch*'s Caſe and Puniſhment are well remembered.

Nutriant fœtus et aquæ ſalubres,
Et Jovis auræ.

IX.

Condito mitis placiduſque telo,
Supplices audi pueros, Apollo:
Siderum Regina bicornis audi,
Luna, puellas.

X.

Roma ſi veſtrum eſt opus, Iliæque
Littus Etruſcum tenuere turmæ,
Juſſa pars mutare lares et urbem
Soſpite curſu:

Sweet Air and wholeſome Springs regale
Fruits, Herds, Flocks, Peaſants in the Vale,
And *Breath* eſcape *Taxation!*

IX.

Thy Darts, good King Apollo, hide;
E'en pardon *Rebels*, who deride
Rage *impotently* ſhown:
Cornuted Queen, O hear each ſly
Kind Fair; nor let Spouſe note the Cry
Of Bantling not *his own*.

X.

If Britain is your juſt Concern;
If ever Train-Bands, bluff and ſtern,
'Gainſt *Stuarts* yet were arm'd;
If our *firſt Jeff'ries* *, in a Fright,
Stole off from hempen Nooſe by Night,
(As our *laſt* may) unharm'd:

* That *Jacobitical*, blood-thirſty, *cowardly*, *ſycophantic Chief-Juſtice*, who wantonly maſſacred both male and female *Rebels* (as they were *called*) upon his ſavage Circuit.---*Cruel* Kings are never without *eccleſiaſtical* and *civil* Butchers.

When

XI.

Cum per ardentem sine fraude Trojam
Custos Æneas patriæ superstes
Liberum munivit iter, daturus
Plura relictis:

XII.

Dii, probos mores docili Juventæ,
Dii, Senectuti placidæ quietem,
Romulæ genti date remque, prolemque,
Et decus omne.

XI.

When that *Law-Caitiff* ſkulk'd thro' Flames
Domeſtic, with his Maſter *James* *,
Screen'd by *Guilt*'s ſacred Pinion;
Leaving *Rebellion's* Curſe behind,
To *Scots*, while *Fraud* outſtripp'd the Wind
In flying to *Avignon* †:

XII.

Ye Deities, if this be Truth,
Give Peace to Age, firm Hearts to Youth;
Unpenſion'd let 'em live,
Diſdaining *miniſterial* Traſh:
Multiply *Trade*, not *Troops*; and *Caſh*
Inſtead of *Paper* ‡ give.

* King James II.

† In France, where this *weak* and *perjured* Tyrant, who had been ſo zealous in reſtoring *Popery*, held his *Mock Court*, as pretended *King*, affected *Saint*, and real *Jeſuit*.

‡ *Paper*-Credit is but a falſe Sign of Wealth; uſeful, however, to rooking *Jobbers* who *lend*, and a profligate, corrupt *Miniſtry* who *borrow* and *bribe*.

XIII.

Quique vos bobus veneratur albis
Clarus Anchiſæ Veneriſque Sanguis *,,
Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hoſtem.

XIV.

Jam mari terrâque manus potentes
Medus, Albanaſque timet ſecures:
Jam *Scythæ* reſponſa petunt, ſuperbi
Nuper, et *Indi*.

* Here *Horace* (far more courtly than our Laureate Mr. *Whitehead* in his laſt New-Year's Ode) earns his *Sack* by a delicate Piece of grateful *Flattery*.—Even *Cicero* himſelf was once weak enough to compliment that Deſpot *Auguſtus*, but he afterwards repented of it.---In his Letter to that *preſumptuous Tyrant* he thus blames himſelf: I was the Cauſe, ſays he, of all theſe Misfortunes to my Country,---"Cum te *Junonium* "puerum, et matris tuæ partum *aureum* eſſe dixi.---At te fata patriæ "*Paridem* futurum prædicabant," &c.

Jam

XIII.

As to *B-te*'s *Chip* *, for *Wedge of Gold* †
Who dreams that *Right Divine* is ſold
By Heav'n to *Plagues in Ermine*;
Like *Nimrod*, in his Bantling's Hair
Let him rouze Prey, and *murder* there
Millions of *paſſive* Vermin.

XIV.

Now *Wales* at *Probert*'s ‡ Power ſqueaks,
Leſt *North* ſhould tax Goat's Milk and Leeks;
Germaine make *Yankees* § ſhake;
At Pop'ry *Scotland* rears her Briſtles;
While *Ireland* grumbles, *Georgey* whiſtles;
And ſtarv'd *Weſt-Indians* ‖ quake.

* Ὄλος Ἀρηος—Ramus Martis—a *Chip* of the old Block.

† Offered *annually* at the Altar by ſome *Tyrants* (as Hiſtorians ſay) "*To bribe the Rage of ill-requited Heav'n.*"—*One of theſe* was of ſo *domeſtic* a Turn, that (as *Diodorus Siculus* ſays) he uſed to comb his Children's Hair, and, like another *Nimrod*, maſſacre the little Vermin which he caught.

‡ The *miniſterial Spy* ſent to *poach* for a *new Revenue* in *Wales*.

§ *Americans* ſo called in Deriſion.

‖ In the *Iſlands* unable to ſubſiſt without *America*.

Faith,

XV.

Jam Fides, et Pax, et Honor, Pudorque
Priſcus, et neglecta redire Virtus
Audet; apparetque beata pleno
Copia cornu.

XVI.

Augur, et fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus, acceptuſque novem Camænis,
Qui ſalutari levat arte feſſos
Corporis artus;

XVII.

Si Palatinas videt æquus arces,
Remque Romanam Latiumque felix,
Alterum in luſtrum, meliuſque ſemper
Proroget ævum.

XV.

Faith, Honour, Peace, Shame long aſleep,
Begin in *Keppel*'s Cauſe to peep;
And *Virtue*, much neglected,
Out of *Dom. Com.* ſo oft harangu'd,
Were *Palliſer* and *S---w-ch* hang'd,
Might be once more reſpected.

XVI.

God of the Bow's bright Ammunition,
Phœbus, Soothſayer, and Phyſician,
With one Quack-*Noſtrum* more
Wou'dſt thou ſupply *Germaine*'s bold Hand;
Since *Britain*'s Pulſe you underſtand,
And will not give her o'er;

XVII.

If you have gueſs'd her Ailment right,
Teach *Clinton* without Troops to fight;
Her well-drain'd Purſe, now grown
Conſumptive, fill:---So back'd, ſo ſtrengthen'd,
Her Life, perhaps, might ſtill be lengthen'd,
Till *North* begs t'other *Loan* *.

* The *advantageous* Bargain made by his Lordſhip with the *Money-Jobbers* upon their late *Loan* to Government is in every one's Mouth, and

XVIII.

Quæque Aventinum tenet Algidumque,
Quindecim Diana preces virorum
Curet; et votis puerorum amicas
Applicet aures.

XIX.

Hæc Jovem ſentire, Deoſque cunctos,
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto,
Doctus et Phœbi chorus et Dianæ
Dicere laudes.

XVIII.

Shou'd *Fifteen* honeſt Men appear
Among *Five Hundred*, Dian, hear
And grant their virtuous Suit:
With *unbrib'd* Numbers aid their *Votes*;
Till Cords, or Axes, ſpoil the Notes
Of *Twitcher* and *King B-te* *.

XIX.

This beſt Expedient Patriot-Jove,
And ev'ry Deity above,
With one Conſent applaud:
Up with theſe *Weeds!*—Clear *Whiggiſh* Ground
From *Tory* Roots, Truth may be found
At *Home*, and Hope *Abroad*.

and deſerves to be recorded in the Annals of Great-Britain by a *Johnſon*, a *Shebbeare*, or ſome other *patriotic* Pen, which may be equal to its *Panegyric*. We do not pay much above 70 per Cent. for Money *one Way or other*.

* The Author of this *Parody* intends to have it ſet to Muſic; at the Rehearſal of which the *Whig* Literati (for no *Tories* or *Jacobites* will be admitted) muſt be agreeably ſurprized by a ſudden and univerſal Burſt of *Handel*'s grand and much-applauded *Chorus* of *AMEN* at the Cloſe of this Stanza.

FINIS.

The following Pamphlets have been lately published by
J. BEW, *No.* 28, Pater-Noſter-Row.

I. Price One Shilling, the 2d Edition of

THE WATCH, an Ode. Humbly inſcribed to the Right Hon. the Earl of *M---f---d.*

To which is added,

THE GENIUS OF AMERICA TO GEN. CARLETON. An Ode.

——Timeo *Danaos* et *Dona* ferentes.

France ſends a *Preſent*; *England* ſmiles and liſtens;
Remember, Sire, "All is not Gold that gliſtens."

II. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,

ROYAL PERSEVERANCE; a Poem, &c.

——"Ill ſtand,
"As if a Man were *Author of himſelf*,
"And knew *no other Kin*."——

SHAKESP. *Coriolanus*.—Picture of *Obſtinate Perſeverance.*

III. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,

TYRANNY the WORST TAXATION, a Poetical Epiſtle to the Right Honourable Lord N——, oſtenſible Prime M——r.

——"In *Poiſon* there is *Phyſic*." SHAKESPEAR.

IV. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,

An Epiſtle to W-----m E--l of M---f---d, the moſt unpopular Man in the Kingdom, except his —— and L--d *B*——.

——"A *hovering Temporizer*, that
Canſt with thine Eyes at once ſee *Good* and *Evil*,
Inclining to *them both*."——

SHAKESP. Wint. Tale.

V. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,

Capt. PAROLLES at *M-nden*; a rough Sketch for the Royal Academy, &c.

Parolles.—"I am a Man whom Fortune hath *cruelly ſcratched*.—I find *my Tongue* is too "*fool hardy*; but my *Heart* hath the *Fear of Mars* before it, and of all his Creatures, not "daring the Reports of *my Tongue*."

Helena.—"You muſt needs be born *under Mars* when he was *retrograde*, you go ſo much "*backwards* when you *fight*."

Shakeſp.—All's Well, that *Ends Well.*

VI. Price Two Shillings,

THE FAVOURITE; a Character from the Life.

——"Is this the *gallant*, gay LOTHARIO?"——ROWE's Fair Penitent.

VII. Price 1s. 6d. adorned with a humorous Vignette,

NEREUS's PROPHECY; a Sea-Piece, ſketched off *Uſhant* on the memorable Morning of the 28th of July, 1778.

We call a *Nettle* but a *Nettle*, and
The Faults of *Fools* but *Folly*. SHAKESPEARE's *Coriolanus.*